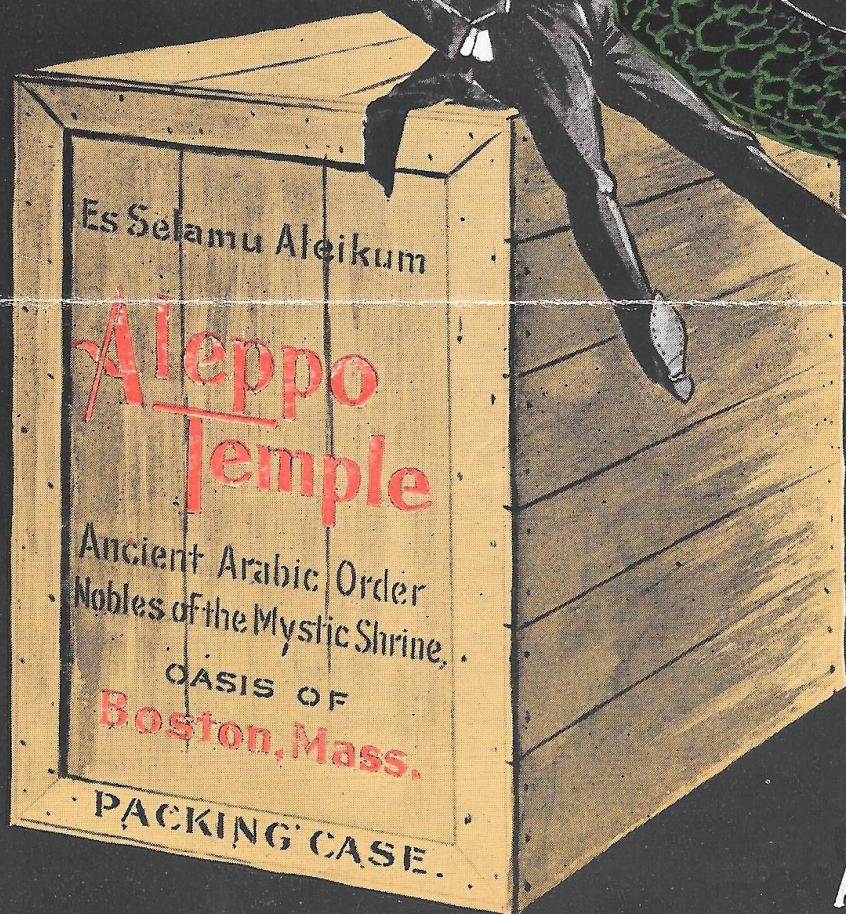


"Let some droppings fall on me"



AM I a Wizard?





# THIRCE Illustrious Son of the Prophet, Awake! Unpin thy ear, scoop out the sand, and hearken to the clarion Voice of Duty!

Since last the Muezzin biffed his gong,  
and the Faithful bumped their foreheads in  
the Temple, a quarter of the year has passed! It seemeth  
but a handful of dates; yet here we are in the Twentieth  
Century, according to the Kalander of the Unregenerate.

The tribes of Aleppo will gather from hither and yon at

**Mechanics Building,  
Grand Hall,  
Huntington Avenue,  
SIX o'clock P.M.**

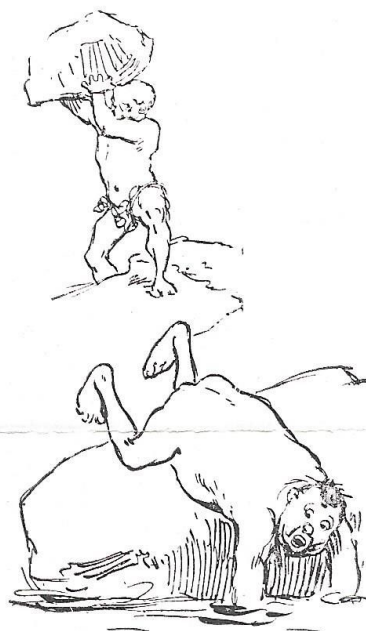
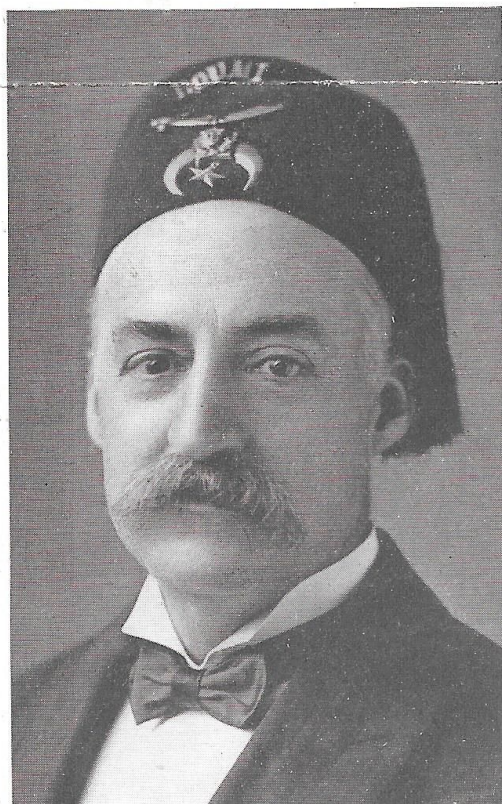
**Friday, Nov. 15, 1912**



"Es Selamu Aleikum"

"Aleikum Es Selamu"

Brother of the Camel,  
hump thyself! Cousin of  
the Sheik, stretch thy props!  
TEMPUS FUGIT — and  
what is a Century between  
friends! 'Tis but, as sings  
the Irish-Arabian poet-as-  
tronomer, O'Mara M'Cann—



Oasis of Boston

Desert of Mass., U.S.A.

'Tis but an hour, at most a one day's  
rest  
In some hotel for traveler East or  
West.  
The traveler pays his bill—the Cham-  
bermaid  
Prepares the chamber for another  
guest.

**Allah akbar!**

The Imperial Potentate, WILLIAM J.  
CUNNINGHAM, will honor the Temple  
by an official visit at this session.

**So Geht Es!**

## Important!

As this will be the only notice you will  
receive of this Session, don't forget the date,  
time and place.

## Supplementary Notice.

A Supplementary Notice, upon which will  
be borne the names of all the aspirants, will  
be handed you by the Sentinel on the night  
of Session at the entrance.



## Some New Rules for 1912

The By-Laws compelling every member  
to show his Annual Pass for 1912 at all  
ceremonial sessions will be strictly en-  
forced. There will be no favorites. The  
new Pass is a red and white card and our  
Outer Guard is not color blind.

No dues will be received at the Hall at this  
Session or in future. So take heed and pay your dues  
before the time of meeting. Send check or call on the  
Recorder, 206 Masonic Temple. Office hours,  
8 A.M. to 4 P.M.

N.B. — It is easier for a camel to go through the  
eye of a needle than for a candidate to enter the  
Temple without a certificate and a bunch of simo-  
leons.—Last words of MOHAMMED.



(Copied.)



## JUST ONE KID.

Words by A. Moslem.

Tune—"Just One Girl." With apologies to  
M. Witmark & Sons. Dedicated to Ill.  
Imperial Potentate Lou B. Winsor.

### I.

The Ramadan Feast has been broken;  
Let us feast  
In the East;  
From the Woolly and Wild comes a token —  
There is rest  
In the West.  
'Twas left for our bold Potentate —  
Lift the cup!  
Whoop 'er up!  
To prove that to work and to wait  
"Wins-a" lad  
Like his dad.

Just one Kid, only just one Kid,  
After working and waiting for years — one Kid!  
Yell! Bawl! Cry!  
Wet or dry,  
Lou'll be chesty for many moons with his just one Kid.

### II.

The spider can easily spin, sir,  
"Webb" of silk,  
White as milk;  
But finer's the Webb of Carl Winsor,  
Little cuss!  
Let him nuss!  
The Bul-Bul may flute us a ditty,  
Split his throat  
With a note  
That will rattle the maids of Reed City,  
For-the-Son  
Of-a-Gun!

Just one Boy! Only just one Boy!  
Old Mecca is red as a hot poppy bed!  
Take de butt!  
Whoop-her-up!  
Lou'll be chesty for many moons with just one Boy.

### III.

All hail to the daddy belated!  
Fourteen years!  
Bring the beers!  
The Kid will be sure antedated  
From Kalamazoo  
To Honolulu!  
The news of the boy will be slated  
Every day  
On the way.  
The flag of the Arabs shall fly,  
Near the sky,  
Way up high.

Just one Kid, only just one Kid,  
After longing and waiting for years — one Kid.  
Wet or dry,  
Yell, Kid, cry;  
Lou'll be chesty for many moons with just one Kid.

*Listen to the lamentations of Noble Walter  
W. Morrison, Illustrious Chief Rabban:*

Allah is great, and  
the hearts of the  
true believers are  
strong.

A red-headed Fer-  
inghee who seeketh  
to be our Caliph  
desireth to approach  
our Mosque. Let  
him enter, after he  
hath cast off his  
shoes and purified  
himself. F o r t y

times shall he wash with kali and forty times with  
hazeez and forty times with eiyoob, making of the  
whole one hundred and twenty times — thus shall  
he purify himself. Then shall the wondrous prayer  
carpet that Mustapha-Ed-Din brought hither from  
Damascus be unrolled to be his pathway. So shall  
he approach the Shrine, learn of our mysteries and  
become, verily, a Moslem and a true believer. Selah!



"BRACING" and "Exercising" will be car-  
ried on under West Point rules. (See the minutes  
of the inquiry into the death of the late Mr. Booz.)

Fill your mouth full of cotton when tempted to  
yell. This will enable you to preserve a seeming  
fortitude, and keep you from becoming hysterical.

If you don't like the tabasco sauce, spit it out.

Don't squirm when the hot grease drops on  
your feet. It's only a candle.

You'll be interested in the "Sammy Race."  
Two Novices will sit face to face blindfolded, with  
a bowl of horseradish between them, and will feed  
each other with long spoons. If you prefer tabasco  
you can have it by paying extra.

Keep your shirt on — as long as you can.

After the bracing and exercising, get a "First  
Aid to the Injured" pamphlet, and read the direc-  
tions carefully.



**Our lute-player, Noble Carter, will, on this**  
occasion, perform that beautiful serenade which the  
Wezeer El-Fadl caused to be played for his sweet-  
heart, the slender Bedawee, by the banks of the  
Tigris, and which hath been rescued from profane  
hands and transmitted to us by his Excellency  
Abdul Hamid, whom Heaven preserve and anoint  
continually forever. The candidates will not enjoy it, but it  
will be played just the same.

## How to Get the Annual Pass for 1912

Pay your dues right away and  
be through with it. No other  
statement of dues owing is sent  
out during the year except on  
request.

## Dues!

Hearken to the inspired charge revealed by the Recorder.  
*Do you know your dues are due? Do you? Then do  
your do!* Oh, thou infidels who wait until the last hour of  
justice. "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's," but give me dues or  
give me death (which is the same as suspension for non-payment of dues). We  
need the money, indeed we do, and you need the passport, you bet you do.





## Helpful Hints for Nervous Novices.

O Novice, in our hours of ease  
— In Latin, *Dolce far niente* —  
When we can do just as we please,  
We love to soak you good and plenty.

Nothing affords us such delight  
And livens so the hours humdrummy,  
As — while somebody holds you tight —  
To punch you in your little tummy.

But, Novice, you'll survive these things;  
With all your faults we still do love you,  
And though you'd look first-rate in wings  
We won't quite make an angel of you.

Hearken, O illustrious nobles, to  
the voice of the thrice blessed  
Sheykh, 'Abd-Er-Shackford Es-Mor-  
rison Esh-Appleton, and let your  
hearts be filled with reverence:

"From Bagdad came a youth, young and  
illustrious,  
His face was round as a new moon and his  
eyes as bright as the star 'Ajeeb-Adhem:  
His waist was encircled with a cincture of gold  
and precious stones and his teeth were  
blackened with henna  
And his person exhaled a perfume as of the  
wondrous sweet winds of El-Khamal."

And again spake he, the illustrious  
Sheykh:

"So, on Yamal-ed-din in the month Ramadan  
shall every true son of the prophet  
Lead forth his camel and journey afar to the  
Eastward,  
Till the white walls of the sacred, the city  
eternal,  
Mecca, the same where inurned we the bones  
of Mahomet,  
Rise to his vision, delighting, refreshing,  
entrancing."



Bring with you an appetite, for  
Noble Caterer hath determined to  
outdo himself in honor of this feast.  
He hath left the marshes of the  
Blue Hills desolate, and hath  
wrought death and destruction in  
the regions of the Charles. Be pre-  
pared to eat heartily of the zirbajeh,  
of ducks stuffed with pistachio nuts, of dizzan,  
of dinneeyeh, and to drink of the foamy water of  
Rozzi-El-Nekki. Thus shall ye be refreshed.

Nobles, wear your most gorgeous raiment,—  
offend not our sensitive feelings with pajamas.  
For the wind of the desert, even the Simoon,  
whistleth shrilly through pajamas.

But the candidates may wear what they will.  
If Noble Perkins is with us, they will not know  
the difference between pajamas and Irish potatoes  
in about fourteen minutes.

### Listen to the exhortation of Noble Claredon E. Holman, Illustrious Director.

Let the children of the desert fill  
their bottles with cool water from  
the River El-Mo'een, and their  
sacks with the round cakes of  
Ahran, and let the camels also be  
watered and fed, for a long journey lieth before us,  
and the sands are hot. Yea, they are exceeding  
hot — or else the 'Efreet Noor-Ed-Din shall be  
jobless hereafter!

Hold your noses, O unregenerate Feringhees,  
for the Simoon approacheth, and the nostrils of the  
unwary shall be filled with the fine dust of Sahara.  
Their bosoms shall be covered with the yellow  
spume of the desert ere they cross the sandy wastes  
and reach the Oasis of Boston, where the Divan is  
holden.

Send your dues to the Recorder by mail or call  
at his office, which is open every labor day in the  
year, 8 A.M. to 4 P.M., and where someone will always  
exchange receipts, etc., for your dues.



## CANDIDATES

*will report at the West Newton Street Entrance  
at 6 o'clock p.m., sharp.*

Courteously and fraternally,

*W. M. Powell*  
Recorder.

Address, Room 206, Masonic Temple, Boston.

*Rev. A. Shackford*  
Potentate.

Address, 48 Journal Bldg., Boston, Mass.